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A Line o' Cheer Each Day o' the Year.
By JOHN KENDRICK BANGS.

First printing of an original poem written daily
for The Washington Herald.

HOMIE-MADE.

What'er the weather chance to be
Is truly matter small to me,
For I've devised an easy way
To make my own each passing day.
If I have need for chilling storm,
Or lovely days all bright and warm,
I drolly frown and all is bleak
As any clouded mountain peak;
Or smile and sing with joyous cheer
And skies at once grow bright and clear.
In fact my weather, bad or good,
I measure wholly by my mood,
And that is why you see me smile
Enjoying sunshine all the while.
What'er the elements without
May casually be about.

(Copyright, 1915.)

A lecture will be delivered on Tuesday next at
the Library of Congress on "A Uniform Type for
the Blind." Surely this is carrying eugenics to an
extreme!

There has been a small but mysterious fire in
the basement of the Pan-American Building, and
admirers of Germany are asking how a nation that
exhibits such a remarkable ability for detail can
ever be conquered.

"A nation-wide drag net," says a contemporary,
"is out for the bomb conspirators." And the
title of the report is strengthened by the penchant
which the State Department is known to harbor
for anything that drags.

Austria's representatives deny the story of her
former consul concerning plots against our industries,
but fires and explosions on steamships and
in our factories speak loudly on the side of Dr.
Gorican, Dr. Dumba and Von Papen.

We suppose we shall have to notify Germany
and Austria that unless they proceed without delay
to think up an excuse on the strength of which
we can ignore the Ancona massacre another
"frightful" note will have to be sent.

An assistant postmaster at Winnetka, Ill., has
been dismissed from the service for expressing the
opinion, in the course of conversation, that President
Wilson should have waited longer before re-
marrying. Peace hath her frightfulness no less
than war!

A heroic but simple-minded passenger on the
Ancona conceived the idea that he could save the
Ancona by waving the American flag. A shell
from the U-boat disposed of him and the flag, and
it is to be supposed that such exhibitions of sentiment
will cease hereafter.

Frederick Palmer, the war correspondent,
states that Col. Roosevelt knows more about the
war than any American he has met. Other Americans
who know more about it than even Col.
Roosevelt have taken up permanent positions at
Queenstown, Ireland, and cannot be interviewed.

A local justice, in passing sentence upon a
number of youths convicted of robbery and other
crimes, declared that their downfall was largely
due to the reading of dime novels. It is said that
a campaign will be undertaken with the object of
introducing the criminal classes to the novels of
Henry James.

A New York socialist preacher managed to
create a sensation by attending a meeting at the
University Club attired in a homespun tunic
reaching to his knees, no collar and a leather
belt, which he asserted he wears as a protest
against the greed of commercialism, on which he
blames the war. The real truth probably is that
he wore the costume as a protest against obscurity.

Bones of the Ankylosaurus, a newly discovered
"armored beast" of the tertiary period, have been
brought to the American Museum of Natural History.
There are still a few armored beasts left
in the United States, but it is confidently expected,
says Dr. W. J. Bryan, professor of Democratic
antiquities at the University of Twaadleton, Neb.,
that they, too, will soon be relegated to the
museums.

Col. Bryan, insisting that the differences be-
tween himself and President Wilson must not be
put in the same class with the differences be-
tween Col. Roosevelt and Mr. Taft, says: "Mr.
Taft and Mr. Roosevelt had personal differences
which led to a division in the Republican party.
The differences between the President and myself
are differences of principle and will not disturb
the friendship between the President and myself.
It will be remembered that Col. Roosevelt began by attacking
Mr. Taft's policies, just as Col. Bryan began,
and that the personal differences followed naturally
and quickly, and then the split in the Re-
publican party. And when Col. Bryan says the
friendship between himself and President Wilson
will not be disturbed he speaks, of course, as the
aggressor in the case. Presumably the President
is human, even if Mr. Bryan would make an
angel of him.

Not the People's Will.

We, the people of the United States, have been
concerned with the way in which the national will,
the national aspirations of the Greeks have, not-
withstanding their constitutional form of govern-
ment, been set at naught by a pro-German court,
so much so that we have not had time to
reflect that the same thing may be happening to
ourselves. Read the editorial utterances of the
great organs of public opinion. Have those opinions
been reflected in the action of the adminis-
tration? Has the nation's idea of honor, of self-
respect, of human decency and the conduct
becoming a great and sovereign nation, as that
idea is voiced through its responsible mouth-
pieces, been acted upon by those to whom not
only the nation's practical courses, but likewise
its honor and its future destinies, are entrusted?

Great continental newspapers such as the con-
servative Le Figaro are charging Washington
with having too long an ear for the German vote,
for the subsidized clamor of a venal section of
the press that pretends to speak for that vote.
They say that the murder of women and little
children on the Ancona at the mouths of German
guns must be laid at the door of the United
States. For, if so great a nation permits its
women and children to be murdered without tak-
ing action, what have the murderers to fear?

How, then, can our administration refute these
charges? What reason can they put forward for
not having held Germany to "strict account-
ability" for the Lusitania murder? It was prac-
tically proved at the time of Bryan's resignation
that he had informed Dr. Dumba that the of-
ficial utterances of the United States need not be
taken seriously. Was this a promise or a
prophecy? We resented it as the one. We can-
not but recognize its merit as the other. They
have not been taken seriously. The United States
has not protected the lives of its citizens, its
women and children. "Civis Americanus sum!"
Where on the face of the earth would that once
noble confession of faith be now received except
with a hollow "hal ha!" Have the American
people then willed that state of affairs? No!

Americans have been freely charged with
being more concerned with their pocketbooks
than with their honor. That accusation is unjust
to the nation though we may have some shining
individuals who merit it. But it is true of the
nation that we are more impressed with success
than with justice. The invasion of Belgium as an
incident in a bold and apparently successful on-
slaught on Germany's enemies impressed us far
more than it horrified us. It did not arouse us to
action as it would have done had it represented
the last desperate expedient of defeat. But we
are rapidly coming to a realization that Germany
is doomed to defeat. And with the glamor of
victory fading from her banners comes realization
by Americans of the atrocities she has com-
mitted.

The Ancona case may be nothing to the ad-
ministration, seeking the easiest way to keep out
of trouble. Yet to the nation it may be the last
straw that added to the whole miserable tale of
broken faith and brutal assault upon the rights of
humanity, of arson and conspiracy and perjury
and fraud will turn us not only against the per-
petrators of these outrages but against those
whose vacillating course has encouraged their
commission. Honor and truth and justice are not
empty words. With or without the adminis-
tration the people will shape their course aright.
But once aroused it is safe to assume that the
people will have small use for the leaders that did
not lead but had to be impelled to belated action
by vigorous proddings from behind.

Perpetual Motion in Politics.

The official returns from the special election
on State-wide prohibition in Ohio do not warrant
the claim that prohibition made substantial gains
from the vote of last year. The total vote on the
question this year was 1,025,313, and the total
vote last year was 1,093,506, a loss of 68,000, or
a little more than 6 per cent. The vote of the pro-
hibitionists fell off nearly 20,000 and the vote
against prohibition was reduced nearly 48,000. The
majority against prohibition this year was 55,412
as against a majority of 84,152 last year. The re-
duction of the vote was general throughout the
State, which is quite natural because last year
the people of Ohio had a general election to elect
a United States Senator and a full State ticket,
while this year prohibition was the principal issue.
The prohibitionists last year complained that
there was trading against them in connection with
that complaint this year. They made the issue, claimed
they had a better organization than ever before
and that they had a large campaign fund. They
had much help from outside the State, contributed
by Mr. Bryan, Capt. Hobson, ex-Gov. Hanley of
Indiana, and most of the noted prohibition orators
and workers in the country. They also had a full
campaign chest and spent money freely for special
trains, publicity, workers to get out the vote, and
all that makes for a successful campaign. But
they polled 20,000 votes less than they polled last
year and they lost some of the smaller manufac-
turing centers which they carried last year. The
only substantial gains they made were in Cincin-
nati and Cleveland, where the vote was still four
to one and two to one against them.

The official returns clearly indicate that the
cause of prohibition retrograded in Ohio in the
twelve months between the two elections. This
was probably due to the fact that the Ohio voters
could not be a second time fired with zeal for a
losing cause, especially when they realized that
the State was put to a heavy and unnecessary ex-
pense at a time when the taxpayers are complain-
ing of the increased cost of government machin-
ery. There is a turn of the tide from the hysteria
for frequent elections which set in a few years
ago. The people are discovering that elections
cost money and that they have to furnish this
money by taxation, since the State has taken over
the machinery, paying all the expenses for sup-
plying ballots, distributing the same and for the
judges and clerks of election. These election ex-
penses have been a considerable part of the in-
creased cost of State governments, and frequent
elections do not produce more satisfactory results
than the old method of settling a question at the
polls, and leaving it settled for a reasonable time,
to enable the people to change their minds either
by a campaign of education or more careful con-
sideration. A majority of 85,000 against State-
wide prohibition last year ought to have convinced
any intelligent observer that the people of Ohio
were not ready to adopt such an amendment to
their constitution. The prohibitionists do now ad-
mit that they did not expect to have their amend-

ment adopted. It was a campaign to keep alive
the agitation and try to show that their cause was
gaining. The results show that they made no
gain but lost in all parts of the State where they
had hope of creating a majority sentiment. But
for the gains in the two large cities where they
still are in an insignificant minority, the ratio of
the vote would have been against them more than
it was last year. The one thing they accomplished
was to put a heavy cost on the taxpayers of the
State for a special election, a heavy cost on the
contributors to the temperance cause, a like heavy
cost on those who do not agree with them, and a
continuance of bitter strife over an issue which
the people of Ohio have repudiated time and
again. When the total cost of this campaign to
the taxpayers of Ohio and the people on both
sides of the contest is made public by the Sec-
retary of State, the prohibitionists may have cause
to regret that they forced a losing issue upon the
State when it could have been again submitted to
a vote at the regular election next year with com-
paratively little extra cost to the taxpayers. The
people get tired of perpetual motion in politics,
especially when they have to foot the bills.

Fighting a Mountain.

By JOHN D. BARRY.
(In Three Parts—Part III.)

Now the real battle began, with gravity adding
its force to the combined forces of the underbrush,
the rocks and the logs.

Before I came among these mountains I
thought I knew the nature of a log. But I was
mistaken. A mountain log was not the idle, in-
nocent, worthless, dead thing referred to in the
proverb. It was a huge obstacle, a barricade, a
malevolent monster.

Log after log tried to keep us on that mountain
side over night. Several times I thought I was
vanquished. But if the others could get over
those logs, why couldn't I?

I should always have a great respect for logs.
Then there were deep gulches that we had to
climb down, only to climb up again, as a rule,
through brambles. There was no knowing when
one of them might be impassable as we might
be obliged to camp for the night. The thought
of the possibility, in spite of the heat generated
by fierce exertion, was chilling to the marrow.
The nights on these mountains were fearfully
cold.

Tom, agile as a wild animal, kept far ahead.
Now and then we could hear him yelling to give
us encouragement.
Even as I climbed I found myself philosophiz-
ing over my plight. Why, at an age that I should
once have been a philosopher, had I been seized
with the mania for mountain-climbing? To think
that, at this moment, I might have been at home,
reading a book or looking out of a window. Till
now I had never really appreciated the beauty of
a quiet life. If I once escaped from this mountain
I should be a different man in future. I should
try not to dislike mountains or to feel a prejudice
against them. I would simply keep out of their
way.

Meanwhile we kept plunging forward, van-
quishing a multitude of obstacles, straining our
ankles, reaching out to the narrow walls of that
gulch and scratching our hands. Now we would
be almost buried in undergrowth. Then the gulch
would seem to close about us, shutting out all
light. Occasionally, we would burst into the open
and find that there were still faint streaks on the
horizon. But every instant the darkness grew
more dense. In a few minutes we should not be
able to see more than a few feet ahead.

Suddenly we reached a place that ran along a
rocky level. Soon it mounted and we seemed to
be threatened with the loss of all we had gained.
We scrambled on hands and knees. We felt that
we were beaten. The mountain had us for cap-
tives. The sun was gone now. We might as well
stop here for the night.
But our despair was answered by a wild cry
from afar.
Tom had gone through.

We felt an accession of vigor. Soon we were
descending again. Tom's reassuring shouts came
more strongly. We couldn't be far away.
Jim and I slowed up. We looked at each other
and laughed. We could not see. Already the sun
had disappeared. Darkness had closed about us.
The air had grown several degrees colder.
But we were not concerned.

When we walked out of that gulch into free-
dom we found Tom sitting on a fence talking to
that farmer.
"I thought you fellows were stuck there for the
night," said the farmer, and he proceeded to re-
peat to us the stories he had been telling Tom,
about people who had been in our plight and had
been held on the mountain till morning.

Now came the question as to where we were
and how we could get back. The farmer knew
our hotel. He gravely shook his head. We still
had ten miles to go. He broke the news as if he
thought it would be too much for us to bear. He
didn't know where we were, but he had a hunch
that there were still faint streaks on the horizon.
Isaac Hardy was not at home, but his wife seemed
familiar. She asked minute inquiries, after the
habit of country people. She offered us refreshment.
But all we wanted was to get at the telephone.
In a few minutes we were giving
reassurance to our friends, who we found, had
already sent out a scout. Where were we? At
Isaac Hardy's, was the other side of the moun-
tain. How in the world did they ever get there?
The only thing to do was to make the machine
work. We spent a very pleasant half hour with
Mr. Hardy. She kept darting to the door to look for
her husband. His not being at home seemed to
regard as a calamity. He would be so disap-
pointed, she explained, not to meet us. And
wouldn't it be a shame if we were to go home
without seeing him? Perhaps we'd rather have root beer?
She made herself. So we sat around in front of the grate
fire and drank root beer, looking forward to the
meal that we knew would be waiting for us on
our arrival.

We felt so much at home that we were almost
sorry when the automobile finally arrived. The
truth was we were just beginning to get the reac-
tion into lassitude. Over the road we sped at a
pace that, according to law, ought to have landed
us in jail. As we swept up to the hotel, the guests
were all out on the porch waving their hands.
They received us with a cheer, not wholly lacking
in the note of derision. It was a comfort to me
to find that we were all regarded as tenderfoots.
Soon we were in the big rough dining-room,
with great logs crackling in the huge fire-
place, and bending over the dinner that had been made
hot for us. Afterward, around the fire, we had to
tell the details of our experience. The men were
amused. The ladies, however, were moved to
sympathy. They tried hard to turn us into heroes.
But we were not in the mood to enjoy adula-
tion so palpably unmerited. We ached in every
limb. And yet, we told one another that we felt
good. But we should feel better as soon as we
got under the shower and made ready for bed and
for the sleep that should put us in trim for an-
other climb on the mountain in the morning.

Heroes of the Past.

Sir Bryan Mahon, who brought relief to
Mafeking by a flying column from Kimberley,
has drawn his sword as commander of the British
forces in Serbia. It is amazing to see that after
fourteen months of war Britain's heroes are the
heroes of other wars.—Detroit Journal.

OUR COUNTRY—
OUR PRESIDENT
A History of the American People
WOODROW WILSON
THE FEVER OF DEBATE.

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Southern statesmen had dominated the
councils of the ruling party of the nation
these sixteen years and more.

Men out of the South were also making
and governing the West.

The broad stretches of the great State
of New York, themselves but ill sup-
plied and full of fair regions inviting to
settlement, lay between New England
and the far-away valleys where new
States were to be built; the unoccupied
forests of Maine were near at hand and
of access at the North; many a tract
wound the borders of New England
land's own little commonwealths still
awaited occupation and development.

By special effort an "Ohio Company,"
organized in Massachusetts by veterans
of the Revolution, had sent bands of set-
tlers out of New England to lands which
had purchased and reserved upon the
northern bank of the great river the
French had coveted, and little bands
of their making had sprung up there and
flourished.

Its settlers, crowding slowly in, had
kept a notable part in making the
young State of Ohio ready for admission
into the Union (1802).

But it was not men out of New Eng-
land, or even out of Pennsylvania and
New York, which lay so close at hand,
who were as yet playing the chief part
in the West.

Kentucky and Tennessee, themselves
but the other day built into States by
hunters, woodsmen, pioneers, adven-
turers, while the Revolution was being
fought out and the Union brought into
existence, furnished the men who were
fittest for the first settlement beyond the
Ohio river, and beyond the Ohio river
the Mississippi; the conquest of na-
ture and of the doctory tribes of red
men who were still knights challengers
there in the daunting wilderness.

The Ohio poured its open flood along all
the northern front of Kentucky from
Louisiana, where Jefferson had been
born, and his father's plantation, and
his own at her door at the west, and
swept slowly down, below her, along all
the western front of Tennessee.

It was, indeed, a masterful race, which
the men of the East were slow to under-
stand or sympathize with—a race bred
to warfare and a lawless mastery.

It had made short work of ovens
nature in the wilderness, and as short of
driving the Indians with slaughter and
savagery force from their hunting grounds
and bits of tillage.

It meant to cross the river and make
itself free of the great province of
Louisiana, where Jefferson had been
born, and his father's plantation, and
his own at her door at the west, and
swept slowly down, below her, along all
the western front of Tennessee.

Not content with such trade as they
could get upon the rivers at the east, its
pioneers sent out bands of white-headed
wagons across the long plains into the
far Southwest, from their new seats in
the Missouri country to the Spanish set-
tlements which lay upon the Rio Grande
del Norte.

Their talk was already of a time when
they should thrust their arms into the
interior of the continent from the
ocean to ocean, north and south, as one
unbroken national domain.

Such men were not likely to take a re-
fusal when they asked to be admitted to
the Union, whatever their professed
constitution contained of institu-
tions hateful to politicians in the East.

But their request threw Congress and
the country itself into a very fever of
debate.

Here was indeed a critical choice to be
made concerning the extension of
slavery.

Tomorrow: A Famous Compromise.

With corrugated brows the members
of the General Staff are poring over the
papers in the case of First Lieut. James
E. Abbott, Sixth Cavalry, who was due
to take his examination for promotion
six months ago. There have been more
complications in the case of Lieut. Ab-
bott than there have been in the nego-
tiations between the United States and
Germany over the submarine warfare.

To begin with, Lieut. Abbott tendered
his resignation, which was accepted by
the Secretary of War, to be effective
in about six weeks after the date upon
which it was tendered. Before this date
arrived Lieut. Abbott changed his mind
and withdrew his resignation. It was
referred to the Judge Advocate
General's department, and after looking
up all the authorities on the case it
was decided to permit Lieut. Abbott to
withdraw his resignation and he was
ordered to take his examination.

In the mean time, Lieut. Abbott had
taken a sick leave and this delayed his
examination. Finally, when he did take
his examination, while he was on duty
with the Second Division in Texas, the
Galveston flood destroyed his examina-
tion papers. He was then ordered to
take the second examination, but this in-
troduced new legal complications in the
case and now Lieut. Abbott is wait-
ing anxiously awaiting the final de-
cision in the case.

Incidentally, about twenty first and
second lieutenants in the cavalry who
are due for promotion are awaiting the
outcome in the case. No one can be
promoted in the cavalry who is below
him until the General Staff has decided
of his case.

Despairing of being able to secure
a sufficient number of qualified aviators
from the commissioned officers of the
navy Secretary of the Navy Daniels
is seriously considering a plan by
which civilian aviators can be commis-
sioned in the navy. The Secretary is
of the opinion that some of the crack
aviators of the country would accept
commissions in the navy if given the
opportunity.

With all of the extra inducements
that have been offered to naval officers
by the commissioning of aviators,
aviation service does not ap-
pear to be very attractive to naval of-
ficers. An officer who has taken the
course at the Naval Academy becomes
ambitious to command a ship and be-
long to what they regard as the real
fighting force of the navy, and are not
inclined to give up their stations either
ashore or afloat for duty with the
Aviation Corps.

Aside from this, the Secretary is of
the opinion that the aviator, who eventu-
ally develops into a specialty. He argues
that a successful aviator must have
certain talents which especially fit him
for his duty. He does not believe that
any one can be commissioned in the
line as their service would never qual-
ify them to command in the fleet, but
that they should have a certain com-
mission and allowance which would be a
sufficient inducement to secure the most
daring and skillful aviators for this
service in the navy.

When the army legislation is under
consideration at the next session of Con-
gress the controversy over the length of
the term of enlistment in the army will
be reopened. The Secretary of War
will find more opposition in the House
Committee on Military Affairs to his
proposition for a two years term of en-
listment than any other recommendation
which he will make.

There is still considerable sentiment in
the committee for the three or four
years term of enlistment. It is insisted
that a short term of enlistment will re-
duce the efficiency of the regular army
and that short terms of enlistment and
other experiments should be made only
in the continental army. The contention
is made that the regular army should
always be made up of a certain number
of highly trained soldiers and that this can
only be obtained by a long term of ser-
vice with the colors.

As opposed to this policy will be a
proposition to make the term of enlist-
ment depend upon the efficiency of the
individual soldiers. It will be urged that
company commanders should be given
authority to furlough enlisted men
whenever they come up to a certain
standard of efficiency. This is the only
way, it is insisted, to have a reserve for
the regular army can be built up. Such a
policy, it is contended, would draw
many young men who would be willing
to come to the colors in the event of

war, but at the same time do not want
to serve in the regular army. The
claim is made that a great many Na-
tional Guardsmen would be willing to
take a short term of service in the regu-
lar army if they were permitted to
return home when their term expired.

Chairman Hay of the House Commit-
tee on Military Affairs, has always been
an advocate of the longer term of enlist-
ment. He has not committed himself
since he has taken under consideration
legislation for the reorganization and
the proposed increase in the army.

Capt. Marlborough Churchill, U. S. A.,
field artillery, inspector and instructor
of the militia field artillery for the Dis-
trict of Columbia and adjoining States,
returns yesterday from the Wm. D. Den-
dery, where he has been assisting in the
organization of field artillery at that in-
stitution. This has been a very busy
summer and fall for Capt. Churchill.
In addition to keeping up his work as
editor of the Field Artillery Journal, he
served as one of the instructors at the
Tobyhanna field artillery school and went
to Plattsburg for duty at the busi-
ness men's camp.

Smith—Is your church supported by
voluntary contributions, Mistah Black?
Elder Black (of the colored church)—
No, sah, by involuntary contributions,
sah. It's jes like pulling teeth to get
money out that congregation, sah.—
Indianapolis Star.

Native—That's Eph Haskins over there.
Son of the man that put our town on the
map.
Visitor—How did he do it?
Native—Nah, I can't point to go to
New York to die, and the paper
there had, right out plain under the
death notice, "Bungtown papers please
copy."—Puck.

Uncle Josh was comfortably lighting
his pipe in the living-room one evening
when Aunt Maria glanced up from her
kneading.

"John," she remarked, "do you know
that next Sunday will be the twenty-fifth
anniversary of our wedding?"
"You don't say so, Maria?" responded
Uncle Josh, pulling vigorously on his
cormorant pipe. "What about it?"

"Nothing," answered Aunt Maria.
"Only I thought maybe we ought to
kill them two Rhode Island Red
chickens."

"But, Maria," demanded Uncle Josh,
"how can you blame them two Rhode
Island Reds for what happened twenty-
five years ago?"—Kansas City Star.

Doings of Society

The President attended services at
the Central Presbyterian church yes-
terday morning, accompanied by Miss
Helen Woodrow Bones.

Commander and Mrs. George L.
Smith entertained a supper party last
evening, having among their guests
Mr. and Mrs. George W. Wheeler, Mr.
Charles J. Lang, Miss Sara Farrel,
Lieut. Thompson, U. S. N., and Mr. F.
S. Michel.

Mrs. Mackay-Smith and the Misses
Tackay-Smith returned to Washing-
ton yesterday for the season.

Mrs. James F. Barbour and Miss
Marguerite Barbour left yesterday for
New York, where they will remain
until Thursday, when Miss Barbour will
go to Philadelphia for a short visit.

Several smart dinner parties were
given at the Chevy Chase Club Sat-
urday evening. Miss Callie Hoke
Smith entertained at a dinner of six-
teen covers in honor of her house
guest, Miss Anney, of Atlanta. Among
the other guests were Lieut. and Mrs.
Stanton Simpson and Lieut. Patterson,
of Annapolis, and Mr. Beard, of Balli-
more, who motored to Washington to
inspect the week-end at the Smith home.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Bell Sweeney
entertained in honor of their house
guest, Mrs. C. H. Simpson, of Wheel-
ing, W. Va. Lieut. and Mrs. Simpson
were Capt. and Mrs. Mark Bristol,
Capt. and Mrs. Theodore Baldwin, Jr.,
and Mrs. Horace Westcott, Mr. and
Mrs. Arthur Lee, and Mr. Walter Wil-
cox.

Mr. and Mrs. Harold Reisinger had
as their guests Commander and Mrs.
Wall, Commander and Mrs. Kallhaus, and Col.
Hull.

Lieut. and Mrs. Philip Sheridan were
hosts at dinner Saturday evening at
their quarters at Fort Myer.

The marriage of Miss Christine Mar-
burg, daughter of Mr. Theodore Mar-
burg, former United States Minister
to Belgium, and Mrs. Marburg, and
Jonkheer A. W. L. Tjarda van Stark-
enborgh-Stachouwer, attache of the
Netherlands Legation in this city,
which takes place in Europe tomorrow
row, will be an event of international
interest.

The ceremony will be performed at
6 o'clock at Old St. Paul's by Rev. Dr.
Arthur Barksdale Kinlosley, rector of
the church. Rev. Dr. John G.
Murphy, Bishop of Maryland, will give
the blessing.

Miss Marie Grainger, of Wilmington,
N. C., a cousin of the bride, will be the
maid of honor, and the bridesmaids
will include Miss Elaine Van Dyke,
daughter of the United States Minister
to the Netherlands, and Mrs. Henry Van
Dyke; Miss Helen Taft, daughter of
former President William McKinley;
Miss Howard Taft; Miss Julia Brent Key-
ser, Miss Anne Winslow Williams, Miss
Elizabeth C. Jencks, and Miss Mar-
garet F. C. V. C. van Rappard.

The Minister from the Netherlands, will
act as best man, and the ushers will
be Messrs. A. A. Van Rappard, and
the Netherlands Legation; Mr. J.
Butler Wright, Mr. Robert Williams,
Mr. Edwin Wardell, Jr., Mr. Den-
stewart, and Mr. Robert W. John-
son.

A number of the Washington friends
of the couple will go over to Brist-
more for the wedding.

Mr. and Mrs. Livingston Phelps, Jr.,
and Mr. and Mrs. William E. Marcus,
Jr., prominent members of the younger

married set in New York, are week-end
visitors at the Shoreham. Mrs. William
Alexander, another member of New
York society, arrived at the Shoreham
yesterday.

The Christ Child Society has plan-
ned an afternoon entertainment for
December 2 at the Belasco Theater at
4 o'clock, for which a charming pro-
gram has been arranged.

"Mam'zelle Mariette," a French comic
opera, and "Bruderlein Fein" (the
wedding day), an old Vienna song-
play, will be given, with Greta Tor-
padie, Swedish soprano, and Emal Lin-
den, the Danish tenor, as the stars.

The Bolivian Minister and Mrs. Cal-
deron, Mrs. Edson Bradley, Mrs. Mar-
shall Field, Mrs. Hennen Jennings,
Mrs. Nicholas Anderson, Miss Jane
Hicks, Miss Helen Patten, Mrs. Edson
Bradley, Mrs. Frank Johnson, Mrs.
John Wilkins, Mrs. Corcoran Thom,
Mrs. Robert Hitt, Mrs. Haug, Mrs